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L O N D O N *Terræfilius*:

OR, THE

Satyrical Reformer.

BEING A SATIRE ON

Drolling REFLECTIONS on the
VICES and VANITIES

OF

Both Sexes.

To be Continued.

By the Author of *The London Spy*.

NUMB. I.

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T H E
L O N D O N Terræflius :



The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

I Am one of the Free-born of the Earth, but neither *Knave*, *Fool*, or *Trimmer*; I renounce all *Parties*, and hate all *Factions*, yet I know the difference between the *Church* and a *Conventicle*; I honour an Honest Man, tho' Born in *Lapland*, and I hate a *Sanctify'd Rogue*, tho' Bred at *Geneva*; I love my Native Country as a Son ought to do his Parents, but I abominate her *Divisions*, as a Man should his *Vices*: Let those that have given her the Blows, apply a Healing Balsam; For my part I have broken no Heads, therefore I shall give no Plasters; for should the Wounds Gangrene, the ill-Natur'd World would cry out upon the Surgeon. Like the God of *Love*, I throw my Darts at Random; but tho' not so Blind as the *Boyish Deity*, yet I aim at no Body; however, you that have Gaul'd Backs, take care of your Sores, for by chance I may make you Winch, when I mean not to hurt you. I stand upon a high Hill, and extend my Scourge to a great distance, for he had need have a Clear Prospect, and a long Whip, that takes the whole World for his House of *CorreCTION*: I hate *Flattery* as a *Punk* does Disappointment. *Satyr*, at present, is my Talent; for *Stubborn Folly* and *Habitual Vice* must be Corrected with Severity; therefore stand off *Knave*, have a care *Fool*, fly *Hypocrite*, hide *Harlot*, run *Libertine*, draw *Bully*, Skulk *Band*, lope *Skellum* for I am just now going to lay about me like a Country *Cudgel-Player*.

Well done, Old *Weather-Cock*, I see thou hast more Cunning in thy Noddle, than ever to die a Martyr for *Religion*, or else thou wouldest never have gone, like a true Supporter of the

the good Old Cause, Forty odd Years to a *Conventicle*; and now, at last, like a true *Orthodox Hypocrite*, hast received the *Sacrament* in the *Church*, to qualify thy self for a Place: But, alas! Who can blame a Man of thy Wonderul Moderation, for so closely following the good Example of thy Betters? *Occasional Conformity* is the prelent Badge of a *Modern Saint*, and he that refuses to wear it, must lay down all outward Pretences to a *punctual Honesty*, and be number'd amongst the *Reprobate* instead of the *Elect*: Go on and prosper, who knows but so Righteous a Brother, that will Pawn his Soul to preserve the Interest of his Body, may, one time or other, purchase Salvation with his Riches, or make all safe by a piece of Death-Bed Charity, viz. In Building an *Alms-House* for decay'd *Hypocrites*, or leaving a large Legacy to the *Blew-Coat-Hospital*; or surely, were it not for such hopes, no Man would prevaricate with Heaven, that can save him, for a little *Déceitful Mammon* that cannot.

*He that two diff'rent ways will take
The Sacrament, for Int'rest sake,
Sinks downwards like those careless Fools,
That backwards falls between two Stools.*

You are Welcome to Town, Sir *Quorum Keebel*, now three Slides tagg'd with two Cringes, and a low Bow, and twice as many Rural Compliments, for the Flattering Kiss of a *Town-Strumpet*. Farewel Wife and Children for a whole *Easter-Term*; high Eating at Noon, a Whore and a Bottle at Night, the same repeated *de Die in diem, & de Nocte in noctem*, till empty Pockets and a flaming Codpiece force him to Tick with a Son of *Aesculapius*, till his next *Michaelmas Rents* enable him to put the Sign of the Cross upon a Heathenish Catalogue of *Pills, Powders and Bolusses*; by the Power of which, when he is patch'd up for the Drudgery of *Matrimony*; then John Saddle the Horses, a Stirrup Cup with his Brethren in *Iniquity*; and so farewel Friends till our next Merry Meeting.

*Thus Phillis Wheedles, by her Charms,
The Country Cully to her Arms;
Quenches one Flame by being kind,
But often leaves a worse behind.*

Why, my dear Lasses, in so much care for *Brimstone and Butter*? For all you expect so speedily to have *Highlanders* for your Husbands, you may chance to be mistaken; for *Scotcb-men* will scarce be so plenty in the heart of the City, as to be

bought up by stale *Exchange* Maids : Let the Town Ladies be first serv'd, who are Unanimously agreed to Discard their Irish Bullies, in order to try the Vigorous Effects of Oatmeal and hard Onions ; no doubt but the freckly Caledonians will prove rare Stocks to Graft a dry Pox upon ; so that by the Carnal Mixtification of two Infections, we may chance, in time, to revive the old Judaick Leprosie, and then our Modern Apostles will have a rare Opportunity of trying the purity of their Faith by the Gift of Healing ; and that Branch of the Protestant Church that can shew they have the power, ought, by the rest, in my Opinion, to be acknowledg'd only Apostolical.

*Let no Man Squabble, Scratch, and Fight,
About whose Faith or Path is right ;
But let our Righteous Works determine
Who are True Church, who Factious Vermin.*

Pray, behold the Maritim Deportment of Captain Crampos, King of a WoodenWorld, Laden with Sugars from Barbadoes, what a Bottle Nose, and a pair of Trumpeter's Cheeks the Triton has puff'd up this last Voyage, by Virtue of Irish Beef, Mouldy Bisket, Rum-Punch, and a Lazy-Life. See how he Straddles as he Walks, as if, for fear of losing his way between Wappin and the Change, he had put the Binacle in his Codpiece, that by peeping at the Compass, he might steer his Course by Land as he does by Water. Hark how he blows as he waddles, like a Monstrous Leviathan just risen to the Surface. Pray observe his Hat, you may see by his Shape, it always stands in the same Cock it borrow'd first from the Band-Box. What a Tremendous Weapon guards his Larboard Flich, tuck'd up Elbow high, like the broad Sword of a Scotch Highlander ; I'll warrant there's as much Silver in the Hilt as would make a two Quart Tankard, and enough Steel in the Blade to set up a Topping Razor-maker ; his Busnels is over upon Change, he has just taken leave of his Owners, and is now steering his Course to a Wappin Musick House, where a Fiddle makes him a Fool, and Punch a Madman, and then leading aside the Whore that has Danc'd best, he runs the hazard of an Amphibeons Pox, got part by Land, and part by Water ; and when he has thus at once cool'd his Leachery, fir'd the Rudder of his Affections, and added a fresh pair of Horns to one of his own Fraternity, he staggers Home as Great as the Czar of Muscovy, and becomes a Generous Cully to his Short-Pot Landlady.

*On Board he Proudly bears Command,
But to his Owners creeps by Land ;
At Sea a Monarch, but on Shore
A Cully to each Wappin Whore.*

Nay, nay, when a Handsome Gager shall be catch'd Kissing a Brewer's Wife, the Queen's Excise is likely to be well paid ; stand to't Madam, or I doubt his sliding Rule will be much too short to discover the Profundity of so deep a Vessel, and without that 'twill be a hard matter to give the Contents of the Cavity : Never fear, Young Man, but go on boldly with your Business, it is no Disparagement to be baffled in the Mensuration of a Cask, that would puzzle the whole Office to find the bottom of ; but whatever you do, have a care of the Survisor, whose Busines it is to Gage after the Officer ; for if once he catches you tampering with Concealments, you must bring him in for a Snack, and let him take the hot Worts in the Ladies boiler for a Bribe, or else he'll go near to report your foul Practice to the Board, to the losf of your Employment:

*But Man should wink when he espies
A Woman's weak Infirmitie.
A Gen'rous Mind would rather share
The Pleasure, than expose the Fair.*

Well trudg'd, Mr. Lovelaw ; I know him notwithstanding he has lugg'd his Coney Wooll Ubbrello over his Eyes, to hide the Malice of his Countenance, I dare engage by his Penny-Poſt-Man's Shufflē, he is just now Trotting in haste down to Westminster, in order to give new Life to some Letigious Old Cause, that has been bandy'd about the Hall from Court to Court this leven Years : 'Tis a strange thing that such a Niggardly Curmudgeon, who has scarce Liberality enough to Treat his own starv'd Carcase with Two-penny worth of Fee-Lane-Chitterlins, should dive so willingly into his Rusty Hoards, and scatter his Old Gold so profuley amongst the Lick-Pennies of the Law, to gratifie his Revenge against any Neighbour that offends him. *Honesty* will never be at Ease, or *Innocence* duly Protected, til such Old Miserly People-Plaguers be whip'd out of Westminster Hall, as the Money-Changers us'd to be out of the Temple : But I doubt such Justice will scarce be put in practice, till *Astrea* returns from Heaven, and the Tormentors of the Publick from their Burthenſome Numbers, shall be reduc'd and limittted to a moderate Complement

Unhappy

*Unhappy Soil, where Tares and Weeds
Obstruct the growth of Generous Seeds ;
Sow what you will, there's nothing rises*

But Wrangling Knaves, and Factious Nisies.

There goes a Demure Lady for ye; a true down-look'd Daughter of the *Low-Church*; yet, tho' she treads so Pre-eisely, and looks so Parsimoniously, she has a hitch in her Gate that makes her often stumble back-wards, in spite of the *Law*, and the *Prophets*. She is just now come from *Holy Exercise*, and is creeping slighly after the Oracle of her *Faith*, for a little Chamber Consolation, not fit to be made known in *Gath*, or publish'd in *Askalon*; there will be wonderful strugling by and by between the *Flesh* and the *Spirit*, yet when both are Sighingly reconcil'd, and the Amorous Contest brought to a Silent Conclusion, she can return Home a most Inspir'd *Hypocrite*, with a large Portion of saving Grace, and a sound Conscience; and licking her Lips, like *Solomon's Harlot*, repeat to her Dear *Cuckold*, the edifying Fragments of such a Soul-piercing Lecture, sufficient to make the Sanctify'd *Buck* depend upon his Wife's Merits for his own Salvation. Well done, ho-ly Sister, thou hast a true Title to the right hand of *Satan*, for if any thing upon Earth, is more Deceitful than the *Devil*, 'tis a *Female Hypocrite*.

*The Pious Dame with Formal Face,
Who Talks of nothing but of Grace,
Cannot with all her Zeal withstand
The Holy force of Cloak and Band.*

Here comes a Neat Prim Fellow for you, with a *Narcissus* Countenance, a Shape so Amiable, and all his *Frenchify'd Habiliments* so nicely Regular, as if the whole Figure was a piece of *Salmon's Wax Work*, and only borrow'd its Motion from the Artful Contrivance of some Ingenious *Clock maker*; yet is that Effeminate Skeleton of a *Beau*, that Pissle-wasted Thingum of a *Prodigal*, maintain'd in that Equipage you see by a Beautiful Lady at the other End of the Town, under the Curle of a Crooked Husband, on purpose to mend the Breed of a Bandy-leg'd Family, tho' to little Effect, for the Children hitherto have all step'd into the World with Duck-Legs and Hump-Shoulders, in spite of the Mother's care to prevent the Misfortune; but to shew Nature's Generosity, they want no Wit to ballance their Deformity; therefore I advise the Lady to Discard her *Lap-Dog*, and to keep close to her

Old *Aesop*, for it is a greater Blessing to have Crooked Children with sound Intellects, than a Litter of Streight-Limb'd Puppies without Brains.

*You therefore that have Pigmy Spouses,
And fear that Dwarfs should fill your Houses,
Ne'er chuse a Fool to mend the Curse,
His want of Brains may bring a worse.*

You that hate Impertinence, pray put your selves upon your Guard, for here comes such a Talkative Dogmatalical piece of a Snarling Philosopher, that will empty the fullest Coffee-house about Town, with his Essences and Entities, in half the time that an Expert Gold-finder can a House-of-Office. He Boxes one about with *Aristotle*; Knocks pown another with *De'scartes*; Cuffs a third about with *Malebranch*; Thumps a fourth with *Epi'ctetus*; Mauls a fifth with *Epicurus*; Dabs a sixth with *Lucretius*; and so on till he has sweft away the Company as clean as the frightful Intelligence of a Reforming Constables approaches, does the Trembling Whores out of a Noted *Bawdy-House*: He is never without a Boatswain's Hoarseness, from his incessant Talking, and wears a new Coat out at Elbows in a Weeks time with Jogging others to hear him. His Face is a Compound of half *Vizard*, and half *Hedge Hog*, for the lower part is always fortify'd with long Bristles, and the upper looks as if it was frightfully Imbellish'd with Artificial Ugliness. He seldom appears without a Calves-Skin Companion in his Pocket, which he holds no Scandal to leave for his Reckoning, since the Wisest of the *Apostles* (according to his own Comment) was driven to the like Shift when he left his Cloak at *Trois*.

*Much Talk, and that profoundly Silly,
Is such a Plague, 'tis hard to tell ye,
Which is most tiresome in a Room,
A Noisy Coxcomb, or a Drum.*

Pray observe that short Dutch Buttock'd Lady there, with huge *Irish Dugs*, as big as a Cows after Calving; that Necessary Evil of a Wife, tho' of an humble Stature, yet does she so wonderfully abound in Tail, Tongue, and Udder, that notwithstanding her Husband is a Man of Exquisite Parts, and has Eloquence and Courage enough to speak boldly in the Presence of a *Lord-Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*, yet he dare no more try a wrangling *Cause*, or dispute one Point of *Supremacy* with her, than he dare take a *Tyger* by the Tail, or

a Lyon by the Beard ; her Word in the Family is an irrevocable Law, his an unregarded Trifle ; she's always in the right, he always in the wrong ; when she Scolds like a Devil, he listens like a Job ; she governs like a Semiramis, and he obeys like a Ninus. Nouns, Jack, says a Bottle Companion, How art able to bear it ? Ads-flesh, replies the other, How am I able to help it ? Why dost not Kick her into better Manners ? That's the way to be Poyson'd. Blood, Knock her on the Head ; That's the way to be Hang'd. Send the Termagant to a Mad-house ; I can keep her for one half of the Money at Home, and make much of my self with the other. Then allow her a Separate Maintenance ; No, no, I have a Cheaper way to make Both easie, I keep my Money from her, and give her Toleration to say and do as she pleases ; for it is more Policy to Countenance what we are forc'd to Suffer, than to Punish what we cannot help, but by Remedies worse than the Disease ; for by this means I obtain the Character of an indulgent Husband, and she the Censure of being the Devil of a Wife ; so that I have all the Praise to ballance my Misfortune, and she all the Blame to punish her Disobedience. I think the Gentleman goes the right way to make the best of a Bad Market ; for to Tame a Shrew, or bring a Whore to be Honest, are such Herculean Labours, that require Sampson's Strength, Solomon's Wisdom, Herod's Cruelty, and Job's Patience, for a powerful Arm, discreet Management, hard Usage, and length of Time, will be all found Necessary in so difficult an Enterprize, and, perhaps, at last our utmost Endeavours may prove but ineffectual. Therefore you that have good Wives, Cherish 'em, and you that have bad ones, give 'em their way, and perhaps, one time or other they may happily Hang themselves in their own Garters.

For he that does (alas) propose
To Tame a Shrew with Words or Blows,
But Labours to improve his Curse,
And makes the Beldam ten times worse.

There goes as Arrant a Knave as ever was spew'd out of the Fag-end of St. Giles into an American Plantation, yet he says as formal a Grace over a half-penny Rowl, as Mr. Simon Orthodox, when Chaplain to the Church-Wardens, bestows upon a Parish Feast. I need not tell you he's an Independant-Pawn-Broker, you make read his Trade in his Countenance ; for the Lines and Wrinkles of his Face, make his Phiz look like a Table of Intrest, computed at Fifty per cent. That Fellow I'll warrant

warrant him, knows to a Spoon or two how much Plate there is in the Parish he Lives in, for, by common Report, it is always Travelling through his Mercenary Hands, in order to supply those Contingent Necessities, which his Damn'd Extortion in the end much rather encreases. He's as well known to all the *Lord-Mayors* and *Recorders* the City has had this thirty Years, as the Man that blows the Horn is to the *Temple-Students*, for scarce a *Sessions* passes, but, for his Rogues Tricks, he has some Busines or other at the *Old-Baily*. Were he to Build an *Hospital* for all the poor Families he has help'd to Beggar in his time, it could not be much less than *Chester-Collage*; but all the good Actions of his Life might be Register'd upon his Thumb-Nail, in large Characters. Contrary to all Justice he forecloses, the in Equity of Redemption at the Termination of one Year, and Sells other People Goods, in spite of Law, to his own Advantage, without accounting for the Overplus. Those that are able to grapple with him, make him sometimes smart for his *Knavery*; yet such Injur'd Numbers, either through want of Money to do themselves Justice, or an unwillingness to expose their Ticklish Reputations, have so patiently submitted to his base Extortion, and other Villanous Abuses, that he has pick'd up an Estate almost as large as his Conscience, and is in great hopes of being made a Governour of the *Blue-Coat-Hospital*, to the Eternal Scandal of that big-belly'd Honour, so much Reverenc'd by the City.

*When Broking Knaves, that get their Wealth,
As bad as those that live by Stealth,
To Honours rise, it is a Sign,
Rogues thrive, and Honest Men Decline.*

Pray mind Ruby-fac'd Quality yonder, that is swimming Home in her Chair, like a Sick-Woman in a Horse-Litter; she has just now taken her leave of the *Ladies Punch Club*, near St. James's, and as soon as her *Cathedral Slaves* have shot their Burthen into the Entry, and deliver'd her safe into the Hands of her *Chamber-Maid*, she'll be so mightily troubled with the *Vapours*, that her *Confidant*, Mrs. *Betty*, without the help of a *Footman*, will have much ado to hand her into her Bed-Chamber, where, it's ten to one, before she gets Undrest, but she tumbles into an *Epilepsie*; yet, in respect to her Quality, and that she may give good Examples to her Family, lest they should grow as Wicked as her self, she has built a Famous Repository

ry for her Godly Books, where she pretends to Pray twice a Day, and Fast twice a Week; but the *Butler* that now and then makes bold to take a *Kiss of the Chamber-Maid*, observes that Mrs. *Betty* seldom comes down Stairs from her Lady, upon the Days of her *Devotion*, but her Breath smells so fragrant of *Lemmon-Zest*, and *Nutmeg*, that he verily believes the rest of the Ingredients are never wanting upon those Religious Occasions, and that Madam drinks to her Maid a Cup of *Concealment*, that a familiar participation of the good Creature may oblige her Confidant to a more punctual Secrecie.

*Thus, those who Ride in Chairs and Coaches
Will have their Vices and Debauches:
Like us they Sin, but with more Caution,
And Cloak their Failings with Devotion.*

Your Servant, Doctor *Harlequin Paramount*: There goes an Old *Herculean* Labourer in the Gospel for you, who would have Cuff'd a *Cusheon*, or Box'd a *Carman* in his younger Days, with ere a *Pembrook's* Chaplain in *Christendom*. No wonder, for he laid down his Sword, and stript off his Buff-Doubllet, to wrap himself up in a warm Gown and Cassock, and leap'd at once, not *Out of the Frying-Pan into the Frying*, but out of the *War-Saddle* into the *Peaceful Pulpit*; and ever since, to show himself a true Lover of *Equity* and *Good Conscience*, he has haunted the *Court of Chancery* after so Terrible a manner, as if he could neither *Pray* without an *Injunction*, or *Preach* without a *Decree*. He has been a rare Arti't in his time at the Anatomizing of the *Episcopacy*; and tho' a Grave *Presbyter* to look at, yet has he lately taken as Undutiful Pains to expose the *Arcanas* of the *Church*, as *Nero* did to dissect the Secrets of his *Mother*; which makes some People think that the Doctor has much reason to wonder how he came into the Pulpit, as the Tyrant had to examine how he came into the World. Besides his *Trine of Qualifications*, *Soldier*, *Lawyer*, and *Divine*, he has an extraordinary Talent in *Ecclesiastical Comedy*, in which he Lashes his Brethren with as much Severity, as ever *Bushby* did a dull *Scholar*, or a Peremptory *Prattle-Box* the *Whore of Babylon* in a *Conventicle*. So, in Reverence to his Grey Hairs, we'll leave him to Repent and be Sav'd, or to Die and be Damn'd, according to his own *Doctrine*.

*When Pastors shall for some By-end,
Expose that Church they should defend,*

Good

*Good Christians well may have a Loathing,
To such base Wolves in Shepherd's Cloathing.*

Pray take Notice of yonder *Marmalet* Madam, that Trips it along as Maidenly, as if her great Toes had taken the Solemn League and Covenant, never to let Man pass the Milky way to *Loves-Paradise* without *Church-Security*; you see in what Rich Splendour she appears, set off with all the Advantages of an *Alderman's* only Daughter, and looks as Demurely and Reserv'd, as if just bolted from a *Conventicle*; yet is that Angelical Phubsy the very *Lais* of the Age, and has more Subtile Tricks and Contrivances to decoy an Amorous *Call* into her Ruinous Embraces, than the *Devil* ever us'd in the beginning with the Original of her Sex; Her Age, by her Looks cannot now be above One and Twenty; yet has that Extravagant *Baggage* sent as many young *Coxcombs* into Her Majesty's Service, as half a dozen *Press-Constables*; for tho' she seems to be made of as tender Mould as the most Compassionate of her Sex; yet, *Bear-like*, she never gets a Man upon the Hug, but she always breaks his Back before she has done with him, *Inuendo*, Ruins him. There is scarce a *Goal* about London, a *Ship*, or a *Regiment* in the *Government's* Service, but has a sturdy *Knight Errant* in it of her Sending: For she always takes care to see the last of the *Stock*, and then the *Devil* may take the *Trader*. Tho' she is Extravagant in her Demands, and Excessive in her Expences; yet, as times go, she may be justly said to be a *Whore of Moderation*, for she Trims it with all *Parties*, and openly owns herself, like some Body else, an *Occasional Conformist*, whenever it makes for her Interest. She often goes to *Church*, to weigh Beauty with her Competitors; but to the *Meeting-House* to pick-up a Benefactor; (for the Saints are always kind to their Mistresses) and last of all to the *Popish Chappel* to be Sav'd, because they have Charity enough to hold the sweet Sin of Fornication but a Venial Transgression, therefore I cannot blame her for putting such Trust in her *Beads* and her *Crosses*, since most sensible Sinners are inclin'd to make Choice of that *Religion*, which gives 'em the best Hopes under their greatest Infirmities; therefore *Whores* are as apt to turn *Romans*, as *Knaves Puritans*.

*Unks, like the Nation's Trimming Friends,
Flatter all Sides to gain their Ends:
Self-int'rest is the only Party
To which both Whore and Knaves are hearty.*

Come

Comie hither, Young 'Squire, don't you play the Fool and Hang your self, or take a *Spendthrift's* Ramble into an *American Plantation*, because your Lady-Mother catch'd you upon her Damask-bed, Kissing her Handsome *Chamber-Maid*; consider, Youth, she has been Bred up, and liv'd a great while in the Family, and tis ten to one, but, like a Trusty Confidant, has kept as great a Secret for thy Mother before now, or else I must tell you common Fame is as little to be heeded as *John Partridge's* Predictions, therefore pluck up a Courage, and don't sit sighing like a Disconsolate *Amoretto*, but return home like a Dutiful *Penitent*, down on your Marrow-bones, ask Lady-Mother Pardon, and besure tell her 'tis the first, and shall be the last time of Offending in the like Nature, and you need not doubt of a hearty Reconciliation; for the same Submission from thy Mother, not long since, brought thy own Father, who had catch'd her in a worse Fault, to the like Temper of Forgiveness; therefore the *Cat* that loves Butter herself, will never abandon her *Kitten* for taking a Lick at the *Cream-Pot*.

*The Sweets of Love so pleasant are,
That Young or Old can scarce forbear:
How then can Mother blame her Son,
For what her self so oft has done?*

That Grisly Old Churl yonder, that looks as Snarling as a Dog over a Marrow-Bone, has been of as many Opinions in his time, as a Man shall meet with in *Ross's View of Religion*. To show the wonderful Benefit the Wavering *Anythingarian* has at last reap'd by his long Inquiry, he has now stedfastly resolv'd himself into the Principles of *Atheism*, decries the *Scriptures* as a Fable, Futurity as a meer *Dream*, and all *Religion* to be *Priest-craft*: His whole care is for himself, and Worldly Felicity, the Center of all his Actions: *Devotion* he terms *Madness*, Laughs at all *Piety*, and Ridicules *Conscience*, as a troublesome Tyrant of our own forming. He talks very much of *Morality*, as *Puritans* do of *Honesty*, but never keeps up to the Standard, for he truly squares his Life according to his Principles, and in all his Dealings, is as Selfish as a *Miser*, and as Crafty as the *Devil*. Much good may do him with his *Serpent's Subtilty*; but I believe if he would mix it a little more with the Innocency of the *Dove*, he would find more Peace in his Mind, and more Prosperity in his Family; for I would have him remember, that tho' *Religion without Policy*,

is too Simple to be safe ; yet Policy without Religion, is too Subtile to be good ; and therefore, if he thinks his own Rules sufficient to Guide him without the reveal'd Will of his Creator, as Wise and as Rich as he now thinks himself, notwithstanding his Age, he may live to own himself a Fool, and to die a Beggar.

*For he that has both Wealth and Wit,
And banters Heav'n that gave him it,
It is but Justice in the Donor,
To bring the Rebel to Dishonour.*

Is not that a pretty Weather-beaten Old Beldam to Marry at Sixty odd Years of Age, a Young Libertine of Two and Twenty, and to give him the Power of Gaming away Two Thousand Pounds in a Twelvemonths time, that ought to have been the Patrimony of her four Children ? 'Tis a strange thing that a Lustful Itch shou'd lie lurking so long in the Superannuated Crevices of an Old Grannum ; and that it should raise such an unseasonable Rebellion in the Flesh, when her Teeth are shed, her Skin shrivel'd into Parchment, and her Guts twisted with the Cholick into untunable Fiddle-strings. Certainly Old Women have a way of renewing their Leachery, tails, as the Eagle does his Age by whet-
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se it would be impossible that such a dry
Gammer should be desirous of an Amorous
Exhausted, and has left her as useless as old
Stubble. I must confess, I have seen an Antient Mud-Wall
Tenement new Thatch'd, and it has stood the longer for it; but
if covering Old bones with Young Flesh, is the way to preserve
an Old Woman from decay, I think the blockhead ought to
run the Gauntlet thro' a Train of Young Ones, that ever
makes the Experiment.

*For should we waste our Vig'rrus Youth
With Grannums that have ne'er a Tooth,
The Blooming Dam'sels well may flout us
To think that they must go without us.*

Pray mind that Fashionable Lover there, who treads along the Pav'd Stones in Fleet-street, with as much Grace and Regularity, as if he was crossing a Dancing-School. That Libidinous Coxcomb of a Creature, is one of those Infatiate Lady-mongers, call'd an Universal Lover ; and has as many Wanton Females at his Beck in this Town, as a Country Parson's Bull has

has Horned Prostitutes in his Parochial Seraglio. He never comes in Company with any Woman, but he finds something to admire in her; and thinks it a more Glorious Conquest to Subdue a Maiden-Head, than to Take a Citadel. He has as much form in his Courtship, as a Lawyer has in a Declaration; and as the latter, for want of Learning, is often forc'd to use barbarous Latin, so the former, for want of Eloquence, is as often compel'd to use Ridiculous English. He is a Walking Phisognomist, that peeps more narrowly into every Woman's Face, than a Moorfields Stargazer does into an Eclipse; and pretends to discover a Ladies Inclinations by her Ocular Planets, as well as the other can her Fortune by the Influence of her Ascendant. He is blown up with Compliments, as a Foot-ball is with Wind, and sometimes uses 'em so Scurvily, that, like the Leathern-bauble, he deserves soundly to be Kick'd. He is every Woman's humble Servant till he becomes her Master; and no sooner is he admitted to her Placket, but, by Virtue of Friendly Familiarity, he claims a Title to her Pocket. He numbers up his Harlots, as a Planter does his Negroes, and thinks himself as Rich in his Mistresses, as the other in his Slaves, for both are equally forc'd to support the Grandeur of their Masters, or to be Kick'd and beaten for their Obstinate Remissness. He always Lodges in an Inns of Court, not that he has a Title to the Law, but for the Conveniency of Whoring, that his Punks may have free Passage to his Chamber without the Censure of a Landlady. The Art of Dressing is his Principal Study, Strong-Broths and Gellies the chiefest of his Food, the Play-House his Recreation, and Fornication and Adultery the only Occupation that he follows for his Bread. Thus he Lives and Plows on, till repeated Claps, want of Money, and the Unkindness of his Mistresses, will at last leave Amorous Skeleton in a Languishing Condition, fit only for an Hospital, or else he will have better Luck than most of his Fraternity.

For Bullies who propose to Live,
By selling what they ought to give,
Deserve those Plagues that do so just,
Ly wait on Mercenary Lust.

Diver-

Divertisements.

LA S T Monday Night, between the Hours of Eight and Nine, lost out of a Head-Dresser's Shop, in Our Fathers Buildings by a kind Female Apprentice, about Fifteen Years of Age, a certain Chimerical Rarity, call'd a Maidenhead; this is therefore to give Notice to the Publick, That whosoever has found it, is desir'd not to cry it in the Market-Place, but to return it to the owner the next fair Opportunity, after the same manner it was lost, and for his further Encouragement, if another Maidenhead should start up unexpectedly, Madam hereby declares she has a Trusty gallant, who is ready at all times to cover the Shame with Church-Security.

There is lately invented by the Colledge of *Virtuoso's*, a most Excellent and Useful Instrument, call'd *A Curry-Comb* for a Scotch Pedlar; being a rare Ponket-Engine for the present Relief of any Patient under that Teasing Plague, the *Caledonian-Leprofie*, it compleatly does the Service of two pair of Hands, and if gently apply'd to *Back*, *Belly*, *Hams*, or *Elbows*, will Communicate to the part Afflicted, such a pleasing Tingulation, that shall not only transport the Patient into a Tingling Ecstacy, but plainly demonstrate, according to Dr. F---'s Assertion, That the Scotch Scrubbado is no Curse, but a most Princely Blessing. To be Sold by a Highland Physician, at the Sign of the Bonnet and Bagpipe, in Covenant-Lane, just opposite to the Church; where any Patient may be also furnished with rare Brimstone and Butter, ready made up into Ointment for the same Beggarly Distemper.

Any Young fresh Country Lass, who, for los of her Lover, or perhaps her Virginity, has lately pop'd into London, either in Coach, Waggon, or on Pack-Horse, from East, West, North, or South, if she be Strait-Limb'd, and well-Featur'd, shall be welcome to Mother Knab-Cony's House, at the Sign of the *Church-Warden and Bastard*, in Shoving-Alley, near Moorfields, where she shall be furnished with Gay Apparel, Meat, Drink, Washing, Lodging, and Physick; allowing only a Moiety of her Earnings in Satisfaction thereof, provided she will submit her Carnal Endeavours to the Management and Discretion of the Reverend Old Matron abovemention'd, who promises upon Honour, she shall be tenderly us'd during the time of her Servitude, and be free to remove at Months Warning, from thence to the Lock-Hospital.

The

There is lately Publish'd a very Edifying piece of Soul Saving Phantasm, Entituled, *Sin on and be Sav'd: Or, Repent and be Damn'd: Or, The whole Doctrine of Christianity turn'd Vice-Versa, in a short Lecture, most laudably Exhibited at a Holy Meeting of the Saints.* By Habukkuk Mackbie, now Chaplain in Ordinary to the Devil's Broker; and are to be Sold at the Sign of the Calves-Head and Hatchet, near the Round-Heads Old-Swab neare Swapt, and by most other Booksellers in London of the same Kidney, at the Pyratizing Price of one Half-Penny.

In Dark our Nature: Or, A speedy Cure for the Sting of Conscience, being a Sticking Plaister to be inwardly apply'd to the Soul of a Sinner, prepar'd only for the Wounded in Spirit. By Ananias Blunder, an Understrapper in the Truth; and is to be Sold only by Rebecca Pick-thank, next Door to the Divine-Theatre, in Bo-peep-Alley.

A large Cater-Corner'd Room to be Let in Skew-wam-Square, near the Wag-End of Old-street, fit for either Musick-House or Conventicle. Enquire at Madam Stretchbelly's, half Bawd, half Midwife, at the Sign of the Cradle, in Fiking-Court, and you may know further.

If any Unfortunate Gentlewoman that has neither Wit, Beauty, Breed ing, Honesty, or Portion, is desirous of entring into the State of Marriage, let her repair the next Sun-shiny Morning into the Queens-Bench Walks, in the Temple, and there she may meet with her Match, but if by any Accident she should be disappointed, let her enquire at the Rakes-Rendezvous in Pegasus-Court, and she will certainly be furnished with great Choice of Ubiquitarian Husbands.

F I N I S.

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